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. . . The total appropriations by Congress the past year have amounted to \$800,193,837. Of this amount \$91,533,136 was for the army, \$7,298,955 for fortifications, \$2,627,324 for the military academy, \$78,678,463 for the navy,—a total of \$180,134,878 for these various military and naval purposes. If to this sum the appropriations for pensions be added, the amount becomes \$319,977,108, or considerably more than a third of the entire national expenses.

To the True Patriot.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ.

Leave war behind! Leave war behind!
War, fit for brutes' dull brain.
Give love, and find.
Past ages gloat o'er pangs of pain!
How from the brutal we emerge
By slipping steps that feel the force
Of age-long habits that divorce
Man from divinenesses that urge
Those ling'ring steps to heights untrod!
How we fall fathoms far, then plod
Slow-footed t'ward the light
From war's dark night!

I sing this song thee to entice
Into the paths of peace.
Beware! Think thrice
Before ambition's curst increase
Lead thee t' espouse that hag-foul war
As part and portion of thy life.
For wage wilt join in deadly strife,
Make sighs from universe outpour,
At sight of man become a beast
To furnish forth a vulture's feast?
Wilt stoop so far, so low?
Love wills not so.

I sing this song thee to allure
To nobler service still.
Few things endure:
Ambition slays with its own fill,—
Slays him who fosters its rank growth,
Slays,—slays remorseless from its path
Whoe'er retards, withstands, in wrath
And deadly hate; then cloaketh both
With patriot's love of land and home.
Ambitious patriots lived in Rome;
Their hands, be sure, slew her.
Peace ne'er knew her.

I sing in praise of love's great sway.
Turn thou from fame, and tread
The perfect way;
The ways of hearts alive, not dead;
The way where wisdom claims each path
And leads to fields whose harvest yields
Unstained reward—ne'er his who wields
Hate's tools and reaps *her* aftermath.
Three things endure, Love, Faith, and Hope;
War barreth these and bids thee grope
In groan, thick darkness, dread,
Among the dead.

I sing to patriots,—those who seek
The good of all, not *one*;
Your Prince is meek;
Commands that murder be not done;
Commands that stroke be not returned;
Commands, entreats, that love be all.
Entreats, not forces, "Hear my call!
I lead where vengeful fires have burned:
I touch, transmute them into tongues
Of warming flame." O human throngs,
Come, follow Him, the Kind.
Leave war behind!
Leave war behind!

TURNERSVILLE, TEX.

June in a Garden.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

Am I in fairyland? Ah, no!
Nor dream nor faëry could show
The joy of June when roses blow—
When blows the rose, and lightly stir
Dew-diamonds on the gossamer
The spider wife has wrought for her.

O sounds, joy multiplied, that race
Through all this sunny garden place,
And knit and blend and interlace
On wing of bee and humming bird,
And wren and robin sweetly stirred
To soft caprices without word.

Now, there be nights and days between
The joy-days, when one guessed, I ween,
A wo, a wail, a battle scene;
But here beneath this dazzling sky,
So glad, so tender, and so high,
Could we believe it, you and I?

God made so good a world for man,
So fair since very time began,
And love of Christ was in the plan,—
Ah, who dare dream, or dreaming, say,
The men He made will strive and slay
On such a day, or any day?

What eye has seen that awful sign?
Your eye, my friend? No, no, nor mine!
Hearts broken, blood like seas of wine,—
No, no! How softly sways the grass!
The lake is like a looking-glass.
Hush! Did you hear a bullet pass?

Only a bird is slain; but lo!
A stain is on the petal-snow,
The wings just flutter, sinking slow.
It seems, almost, the thing might be
Hearts pierced, a purple-flowing sea,
And June itself a misery!

MYSTIC, CONN.